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THE ANACONDA STANDARD

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ANACONDA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 15, 1891.

DELILAHS OF TO-DAY

Lady Barbers Who Cut Hair and Wield Razors in Silence.

A SURPRISING ADVENTURE

Experience of Being "Scraped" In Solemn Silence--One Man Who Had Luck and One Who Didn't --An Unfortunate Choice.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Ever at a lady barber's?

No.

Well, go there.

Pestered as men are at times with the garrulousness of the masculine shavers of the epoch; bothered as they are by the nine hundred and 99 inconsequedtua questions of the hirsute artists of the hour, they are frequently, forsooth, pining for slight relaxation, a shave of deathly stillness.

If you are pining for that epoch of stillness, go to a lady barber. The name of the lady barber is "mum." All her work is done in silence, as far as the *Examiner* reporter can gather; even her name will not be revealed to the stranger.

Amid the placid breezes of Leidesdorff street her shingle wafts on the air. It proclaims no secrets to the circumambient but commercial atmosphere. It tells nothing but the naked fact. "Lady Barbers" is all it says. Lady barbers in neatly gilded letters. It has been garnered from outside sources that there are three lady barbers in the place: A lady barber proper, a lady barber proper's daughter and a lady barber proper's daughter's deputy. Whether such may be the case or not is entirely alien to the subject at issue. Suffice it to say that in obedience to instructions received, an *Examiner* man went and got treated by a lady barber the other day.

Now lady barbers are a rare and original race. They don't grow at every corner, neither does every signpost point to the establishment of one of them. They just happen at rare intervals and grow like sweetly perfumed flowers on the narrow highroad that leads to Kingdom Come.

The *Examiner* man is not posted in the ways of strange shaves. As a rule, he just happens on a shave and takes it and pays anywhere from 15 cents to a quarter therefor, according as the price may be. On an economical basis he prefers a 15 cent shave. The lady barber is a fifteen center.

It took a lot of strength of character and artificially built-up resolution to induce the stranger to submit his two days' growth of beard to the hands of an alien stranger, and a female stranger at that. First, he passed by the door and looked in. Then he went away and found another man to help him. The other said he didn't want a shave, but he wanted a haircut particularly badly. The reporter said it was indifferent to him; he would take a haircut or a shave, or if the emergency of the moment called for it, even a shampoo; anything on earth in the way of a barber's treatment to suit the inclinations of his friend. The friend hemmed a bit, likewise the friend hawed. Then he stated that for a commercial consideration, which embodied two or more drinks for the crowd, he would submit to the unknown sensation of being shaved by a lady barber. He wanted a haircut more than a shave, but he preferred to experiment on the latter.

He said he guessed it would be nice.

He said he wasn't sure, but it was his impression—his candid impression—that the reporter would think likewise before he got through with the business.

He wore a light, easy smile, a nonchalant sort of air; wanted a drink and a barber badly did that mutual friend.

It was in the placid and lazy hours of the afternoon when people don't feel inclined to go near a barber that the reporter and the mutual friend entered the establishment.

There was a gentleman and a lady in the shop. The lady was matronly and business-like to a degree. The gentleman seemed like nobody in particular.

With apparent rudeness the gentleman remained in his seat when the strangers entered. He never said a word. He didn't pretend even to know that there were strangers in the place. Lost in contemplation of the ceiling and circumadjacent scenery he gazed and gazed, as if to-morrow's shave depended upon it.

The lady, however, with the characteristic affability of her sex, arose with all the premonitory symptoms of being anxious to give a cordial greeting.

"Good day," said the reporter.

The lady said: "Good day."

The mutual friend attempted a variation by ejaculating "good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said the lady.

The reporter then blushed. So did the mutual friend. The lady—God bless her—never moved a muscle.

For a moment a solemn silence, oppressive in its density, reigned over the establishment of the lady barber. Then the lady herself inquired, in accents that, though they lacked softness, were yet perfectly plain and perceptible to the male ear, "What do you want?"

The mutual friend said, "A shave." The reporter said he didn't know. When the reporter said he didn't know, the lady said, "Come out here, Mary Ann."

It might have been Blanche, might have been Ysoide she called for, but in the hurry of the moment it sounded like "Come out here, Mary Ann."

Mary Ann came out. Mary Ann had a comely face. Mary Ann looked as if on provocation she might smile easy.

"It's a damp day," said Mary Ann.

"Particularly damp," said the reporter.

Then Mary Ann said, "What do you want?"

The reporter said he didn't know, but he guessed it was a shave or a haircut. He did want a shave, but when lady barbers were concerned it did not matter to him which he took.

"You had better make up your mind quick," said Mary Ann.

Then the reporter said that his hair wanted cutting.

This statement appeared to grieve Mary Ann. "Some one else must do that," said she, and she called over the more elderly lady who had received the couple when they first came in.

"A haircut you want?" said the senior lady.

"Not exactly so much a haircut as a trim," said the reporter.

"Well," said she, "sit down."

The reporter sat.

Meanwhile the mutual friend was cast into the hands of the junior lady, who it was subsequently learned was the lady barber proper's daughter's deputy.

One couldn't help watching her, because she was so fair and dextrous. She lathered the face of the mutual friend with an air that was spirituelle and divine. The reporter tried to look around. The lady barber proper told him that looking around was against the rules. After that he looked straight ahead.

Then, in pursuance with the instructions of his editor, he asked the lady barber what was her name. The lady barber said she had no name, and that, anyhow, it was no good giving her any of that sort of taffy, because she had been too long in the business.

"Well, how long have you been in the business?" he asked.

"Mind your own," said she. And that settled it.

The hair clipping proceeded with nimble speed amid a deathly silence. The reporter coaxed. He told the lady barber that she was a sweetheart of the sun. He told her that her voice was as sweet as honey; that the glitter of her eyes surpassed the sheen of sapphires; that in fact, she was one of those darlings that only exist to be beautiful. But to all such remarks she responded that in her opinion the reporter lied. She may have been right; she may have been wrong. After all it matters nothing. One thing is certain, and that was that she had no objections whatever to trampling on the reporter's feelings. No beguiling words could make her talk. She professed an absolute ignorance of the weather, the meteorological probabilities, the fashions of the day, prohibition or politics. She only wanted to cut hair, and she cut away at it.

To change the question into original channels the reporter asked her what age she was.

She wouldn't tell.

He asked her the name of her assistant.

She wouldn't tell.

He asked her how long she had been in the business, for the second time.

Again she responded with the trite old answer, "Mind your own."

Then he tried her opinions on the Mitchell-La Blanche affair. "Now," said he, "tell me honestly; do you think that was a straight mill or a fake?"

All she said was: "Do you like it short in front or do you want it banged?"

Meanwhile there were hilarious croons of delight from the chair of the mutual friend. The mutual friend was getting shaved. And through the fluffy albion of the lather you could hear him purr audibly. He was being shaved. Shaving appeared to be fun. Hair cutting was a panacea. A dull, dead, silent penance. Craning round one's neck, one could see that the lady barber proper's daughter's deputy was smiling audibly. She was also chatting with the mutual friend and appeared to pity the reporter. Pity is galling to some sensitive souls. It's frightful when it comes from a lady barber. But the lady barber herself didn't care. She just clipped away with the scissors.

The end of the haircut drew near. The shave of the friend was already completed. Absolutely no news had been gleaned from the lady barber, and driven to desperation the reporter owned up to his vocation.

"You'll excuse me for bothering you this way," said he, "but I've got to, you know. The editor sent me to ask you."

The lady barber never said a word. She just neatly brushed up the hair and oiled it and plastered it in the highest class barber's style. Then she took off the towel and wrapper and told the reporter to get out.

"That reporter racket won't work here, young man," said she. "Every deadhead that comes along says that he is one of those newspaper reporters. Fifteen cents, please," she continued. "What! are you paying for your friend? Oh, well, that'll be 60 cents." She took the 60 cents and counted it. "Thank you," said she; "call again."

When the Wires are Crowded.

The only thing that saved the immense volume of telegraphic business which is daily transmitted over the wires between this city and Chicago during the recent widespread storm, said Acting Wire Chief Mitchell of the Western Union company, was a single telegraphic instrument invented in England called the "Wheatstone." The Wheatstone is a duplex machine which the telegraph people refer to irreverently as the "old mill" because it can grind out such an everlasting amount of "copy." An expert telegraph "sender" can transmit 40 words a minute. The old mill can do ten times as much and keep it up indefinitely. All that is necessary to do is to take the dispatches which are to be sent and give them to a man who takes a punch and cuts dashes and dots and spaces into a strip of paper to represent the letters of the message to be transmitted. When he gets through this operation the perforated strip looks not unlike a sheet of organette music, only it is not so wide. When several thousand words have been properly prepared the strip of perforated paper is fed into the mouth of the old mill, and the message is ground out at the other end of the line at the rate of 400 words a minute. The machine works mechanically and does not require an operator of skill. The transmitted message is received at the other end in the shape of a strip of paper punched full of dots and dashes representing the Morse alphabet. This strip is cut up into sections and placed in the hands of expert typewriters who read the Morse alphabet, and the message is reproduced in printed characters. This machine will furnish work enough to keep 10 girls busy copying, and when they finish their work they will have pains in their backs, while the old mill will come up smiling and offer to continue on till next morning just to keep its hand in. During one of the most trying days of the recent storm the longest time there were open wires between here and Chicago was about one hour, and the mill got in some of its work by "grinding" out 30,000 words in that brief space of time, and thus doing the work of 10 expert senders. Had it not been for this there would have been a great load of delayed business that day.

An Earlier Steamboat Than Fulton's.

From the Norfolk (Va.) Landmark.

Col. Alexander R. Boteler of Shepherdstown has in manuscript, unless he has published it within a year, a book which establishes beyond question the claim of Mr. Rumsey to the invention generally credited to Fulton. Among other letters from Rumsey while he was in London, referring to his invention and almost certain success, is one which was written just before the author's death, speaking of a new acquaintance formed with a young American artist studying there, one Robert Fulton, with whom he had made some pleasant excursions, and to whom he had imparted his confidences about the steamboat. Of course the world has long ago accredited Fulton with the honor of this invention, and monuments of brass have been erected in testimony of it, but, nevertheless, there is in existence proof that Rumsey, and not Fulton, created the steamboat. Fulton became accidentally the heir to Rumsey's idea, and it is fortunate that he did.

A GROWTH OF DEBATES

Mr. Blaine Discusses the Reports of Congressional Proceedings.

ORATORS FIFTY YEARS A GO

The Habit of Speaking From Manuscript Unknown in the Past —The Habit of Speech Has Greatly Changed.

"The reports of congressional proceedings, writes Hon. James G. Blaine, in *Youth's Companion*, "are growing, or have already grown, so large as to be burdensome, and in imminent danger of becoming useless. There are two specific reasons for this increase, one is the printing of every trivial detail with stenographic exactness, and the other is the permission of both branches of using written essays instead of making actual speeches in debate.

"In the beginning of the government, and for many years thereafter, the habit of speaking from a manuscript in either branch of congress was unknown. On every important measure that came before congress, on the expediency of which members differed in opinion, there was an actual debate, in which positions were affirmed and contested with off-hand speech. In every conflict of this kind the members of congress were, as a rule, in their seats, many taking part, and the mass so interested as to sit continuously through the debates.

"The habit of speech has greatly changed. At this time, any one who will take his seat in the gallery of the senate, as the senators assemble will be interested during the 'morning hour,' which is often marked by what may be called a sharp debate; but when the 'morning hour' expires, and the 'regular order' is announced, the spectator will very probably see a gentleman rise and unfold a mass of manuscript and begin to read.

"He will next see, out of the 88 senators, probably 75 and possibly more, if the senate be full, absent themselves from their seats and retire to their committee rooms to write letters and transact both public and private business, until the pages shall inform them that the reading of the manuscript, in progress when the senators left the chamber, is about to close.

"In the house of representatives the spectator when he seats himself in the gallery will probably see repeated, as near as the analogy of proceedings in the two branches will allow, all that has been said of the senate, with the addition of a habit, which is not extensively, if at all, practiced in the senate, viz., the permission to print speeches, not one word of which has been delivered; and also the setting aside of odd afternoons, generally Saturdays, for debate only, which means that some one deputed by the speaker will preside, with the understanding that no business is to be done, and that any member who chooses can come there and deliver a speech upon any subject he may select whether it is pending before congress or not.

"The essays which are thus read on a single Saturday would often fill a large octavo, more extended in point of matter than a volume of Bancroft or Motley.

"Few have reckoned the magnitude of the increase in the reports. The general presumption is that it comes from the increased membership of both branches of congress. This accounts for part of the increase, but is not a sufficient cause for the whole.

"The senate is larger than 50 years ago by a little more than one-half—52 then, 88 now. The house to-day is not one-half larger in membership than it was 50 years ago. But the volume of the reports of either house to-day, compared with those of 50 years ago, is prodigiously great.

"The reports of proceedings in the Twenty-sixth congress—March 4, 1839, to March 4, 1841—take scarcely one-sixth of the space given to the reports of the Fiftieth congress.

"But if we go back only half of 50 years a striking illustration will be found. Take both houses of congress, from 1861 to 1865, embracing the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth congresses, and covering the entire period of the war. One would suppose that the proceedings in two congresses, with an extra session in one of them, during such a period as 1861-65 would be extraordinarily voluminous.

"Both houses were filled with remarkable debaters, and the subjects that were continually before each branch were so absorbing in interest that almost every senator and every representative desired to be heard.

"As the form in which the proceedings are reported has changed since that time, the comparison of different periods can be made with approximate exactness by stating the proceedings in uniform pages of 1,000 words each. From March 4, 1865, the number of pages filled by the proceedings was 25,409. Twenty-six years afterward the Fifteth congress convened. It lasted from March 4, 1887, to March 4, 1889, and the report of the proceedings filled 28,39? pages.

"In an uneventful period, then, with nothing especially to excite or disturb the country, the number of pages filled by the proceedings of a single congress is greater than during the whole period of the war, with all its mighty issues at stake.

"In an earlier era of the government the contrast would appear still stronger. Take the first 18 congresses from 1789 to 1825—36 years—from the inauguration of Washington to the inauguration of John Quincy Adams. All the discussions on the subject of setting the federal government in motion, which were very able, and at that time supposed to be very long; all the proceedings on funding the national debt; all the discussions on the famous Jay treaty; all the debates during the stormy administration of the elder Adams; all the debates for the periods of Jefferson and Madison, on the embargo and the war of 1812; all the proceedings for the ten years following the treaty of Ghent; in short, the entire proceedings of congress under Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe are recorded in 26,000 pages, actually less by 2,390 than were recorded in the debates of both sessions of the Fiftieth congress and very little more than the words of the first session of the Fifty-first congress, which adjourned on the 1st day of October last.

"Other comparisons of interest may be made readily. One of the most exciting congresses—supposed to be one of the most important ever held in the ante-bellum period—was the Thirty-first, beginning March 4, 1849, and ending March 4, 1851. The compromise measures of 1850, involving all the phases of the slavery question as it then existed, called forth a debate which for thoroughness and ability has perhaps never been equalled, certainly never surpassed, in the history of the government.

"Men who naturally belonged to a former period—Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Cass—were there in full vigor; and the younger men of prestige and power—Seward, Douglas, Chase, Jefferson Davis, and Rusk of Texas—were also there in all the strength of mature manhood.

"Four years later the Thirty-third congress convened, extending from March 4, 1853, to March 4, 1855, it was, if possible, even a more exciting and excited body than the Thirty-first. It was the congress which repealed the Missouri compromise—a measure which led to unparalleled acrimony and recrimination in debate. All the deep feeling which had been exhibited on the slavery question in the Thirty-first congress was greatly intensified, and the debates lasted on this single question for many months.

"The first session of the Thirty-first lasted until September 30, and that of the Thirty-third until August 7, and the proceedings of both congresses filled only 23,000 pages, less by 1,400 pages than the record of the proceedings of the first session of the Fifty-first congress.

"To make a comprehensive and most suggestive comparison, let it be stated that from the inauguration of Washington, in 1789, to the close of the civil war, in 1865, the report of the proceedings of congress, for the entire 76 years, filled 177,499 pages. From the close of the civil war, in 1865, to the first day of October last, being 25 years, the number of words employed in reporting congress was 281,000,000.

"Hence the congressional reports for the last 25 years contained 103,500,000 words more than all the reports from 1789 to 1865.

"It should, of course, be said that the reports of the 76 years were not throughout in as full detail as the more recent and current reports, but that is the very thing that makes the first class valuable, and practically runs the second class to the ordinary reader by its inaccessibility. The annals of congress in the first 36 years named are readily accessible, easily handled, and well indexed, and give an accurate report of all the proceedings and of all the speeches that had special value.

"If the proceedings of congress for the next 36 years from this time are reported upon the increasing ratio that has distinguished the reports since the close of the war, the aggregate will probably require 400 large volumes, or 600,000,000 words—equivalent to a library of more than 1,200 volumes of the ordinary octavo and duodecimo editions.

"This evil has grown to such gigantic proportions that every one will admit a reform is not only necessary but inevitable. As to the various phases of that reform, much might be said. At the same time it would involve personal criticism, not of individuals but of classes; and if the reports are limited to readable dimensions, the remote, if not the immediate effect would be to reduce the list of eligibles for effective service in congress.

"The methods of reform might therefore better be left to the day when congress is ready to enter upon the work. It is sufficient at present to call attention to the abuse, and to illustrate its magnitude."

LAST OF THE CHEYENNES.

The Fiercest Indians In the United States Broken in Spirit.

The Rapid City, S. D., correspondent of the Minneapolis *Tribune* says: "The remnants of the once mighty and dreaded Cheyenne Indians passed through here this morning on their way to their new reservation in Montana. These, the most vindictive, independent, stubborn Indians the whites have ever had to deal with, when once they came in contact with trained soldiers and realized that their vaunted superiority was gone; that their undaunted bravery was powerless against the skill and discipline of civilization; when they realized that they must give up their lands and legend haunted hunting grounds, the storehouses of their finest imagination, and meekly bow to the great father, accept his bounty and be at his bidding ever after, their spirit was broken and never since have they been the same. Their independence and their bravery were the mainsprings of their character, and their arms were ever ready to protect the one and give evidence of the other, but when they found these could avail them nothing they were as Napoleon, without his legions, or the martyr, without his religion—powerless. Savage as ever, ugly as ever, malicious, hateful and sinister as ever, yet the fire of deviltry burns far less brightly in their eyes, and though the knife and rifle are ever ready at their belt and shoulder, their nervous fingers hang palsied at their sides. The fierce but unsuccessful warfare of '76-'78 convinced the Cheyenne that his struggle against the white aggressor must be in vain, and once completely crushed, he, a fatalist, cannot and will never rally again."

HONEST CARD PLAYERS.

An English Idea of the Habitual Gambler's Rectitude.

From London Truth.

On a very moderate estimate out of every hundred men who play high at games of pure chance, at least three cheat, and out of every hundred women, at least six. They do not always cheat, but every now and then, when they think that no one is looking, they, as the Americans say, "play with the advantage." If anyone will take the trouble to count up the number of persons who live year after year far above their incomes, and who play habitually at games of chance, and yet are never in debt, he will perceive that they must cheat, for at no game of pure chance can a habitual player win year after year. It is simply impossible, if he does not give himself some little advantage over his opponents. The advantage, however, need not be above 2 or 3 per cent. for him to make a good thing out of his playing. At baccarat, for instance, a person playing £10 each coup would stake in an hour at least £300, and 2 per cent. on this would increase him £6 pounds per hour. If he plays frequently the luck of one hour would balance the ill luck of another hour, so that were he to play 200 hours in the year, his annual revenue from cards would be £1,200.

A Negro Millionaire.

From the New York World.

Philip A. White, who died in Brooklyn recently, was a negro, a millionaire, a cultured gentleman and one of the best chemists in the two cities. Nearly half a century ago he established a wholesale and retail drug store in the "Swamp," in this city, and later built a large store and warehouse in Gold street. Here he grew rich, and achieved a wide reputation in trade. For many years he has been prominent in educational circles in Brooklyn. There are few better private libraries than that collected by the late Dr. White, as he was always called.

THE HEART OF A POSTMAN.

Pathetic Incident Involving a Mail Carrier and a Dying Woman.

From the New York Mail and Express.

He was a postman, and he wore brass buttons on his coat, but underneath his brass buttons he had a heart that beat regularly and was red.

His other "beat" led him down Hester street, where there are many tenement houses. And he was wont to stand in the doorway and shout up the staircase, "letter for Missus Mahony!" or for "Signora Cinquetonta," or, at all events something of the sort.

So yesternday the postman blew on his fingers—for there was a shrewd wind from the nor'west—and he called up the staircase, "Letter for Mrs. McNamara." Three times he called.

Then a little girl came down the top flight of stairs and answered him in a piping voice. She had a wooden leg—this little girl—one wooden leg that clumped down the deal steps in the funniest way imaginable. You would have died with laughter had you seen her stumping down the stairs—one little leg, half starved and shoeless, and the other a stick of wood all wrapped up in old rags. So this little girl, who had a pug nose and red eyes, and dirty, tow-colored hair, shouted down: "Wot d'ye want, yer divil? Missers MacNemary is dyin', an' we don't want no guff—see?"

And the postman, who wore brass buttons on his coat and a red heart underneath, said: "There's a letter for Mrs. McNamara—a registered letter." And the girl with the wooden leg said: "Git a move on ye, then, and bring it up here, fur I ain't no accribet, and the old woman is dyin'."

Then the postman with his brass buttons went above stairs and up many pairs of them. Thereupon he came to a doorway and pushed it open. It was a grim little room with deal boards on the floor and a deal table and three deal planks for a bed, and—a deal of everything except comfort. On the bed lay an old woman; thin, white hair she had, and a haggard face and old, wrinkled, kind eyes. And hunger had pinched her, and she was wan and pale, and the thin fingers picking at the bed clothes were knotted and red, as though they were knocking at the hard door of death. The man of buttons and letters said that he had a letter for Mrs. McNamara. "It's a registered letter," he said; "sign your name."

Then the old woman, who lay a-dying, said, softly, "But I cannot write."

For she was an old woman, and at the time she was born, among the round green hills of Donegal, there were no schoolmasters, bar the hedgemen, and they taught nothing but Latin, with a Donegal accent.

So she said to the man who delivered letters, "Will ye be afther puttin' me name to it?" There was a little girl there with one leg of skin and bone and another leg of wood, and she spoke up, saying; "Wot's de matter wid ye? Kent ye see de old wummen's a-dying?" The postman saw it and signed his blank, making a mark where the woman's name should have been; then he started to go away, but he did not go, for the old woman stopped him.

"I can't read,'. she said; "will you read it to me?"

Then as the man tore open the envelope the woman continued: "I know it's from my daughter—y'see Mary she went away to Kansas City, and she's living with Mr. Wardwell, and he run for mayor, and she sends me money to pay the rent, an' this is the day for paying the rent, an' there is $7 to pay, an' she always sends $10." "Seving dollars for rint, an' tree dollars a mont ter live wid," said the girl with a wooden leg, snuffling through her small red nose.

And while all this was going on the postman, who wore a gray coat splashed with brass buttons, had looked over the paper that was in the envelope. And he said: "Yessum, there ain't no letter, but there are a order fur $10 on the postoffice, and I might as well cash it here, fur I kin save you the trouble of callin' fur it." Then this postman took out of his waistcoat pocket a $10 bill, which was half of his salary, and he gave this money to the old woman, who lay a-dying. But the girl with the wooden leg grinned at him.

The letter-carrier went down the steep and dirty tenement steps, and when he came to the street he stood aside for a moment and re-read the paper. But Mary had never sent this letter to her mother. For it came from Kansas City, and the stamp of the "Central Police" was on it, and it stated that Mary had been dragged out dead from the Kaw.

Now the Kaw is a river that is small and yellow, and it runs over the sand banks and the mud slides of Missouri.

The postman went home, but what his wife said when she got half of his salary and no more is not written in this story, but what she said every married man knows.

This is all, but the small girl lay on the flat of her back and beat upon the floor with her wooden leg. And she was right, for she had the $10 bill tucked away in her waistband. Moreover, the old woman was babbling in her sleep—of Mary and the green, small hills of Donegal, and of Kid Murty, who died long years ago.

* * * * * * *

And the odd part of this story is that it is true.

Not What She Expected.

From the Boston Herald.

"Miss Cribbler—Mildred," he began earnestly, after a pause in the conversation, "do you know that I feel quite lonely and friendless at times? My life has not been like that of most men. Without relative or a home of my own, I yearn for some one in whom I can confide—for one who would take more than a friendly interest in my welfare."

"Yes, Mr. Dewdly," she said, as he paused. "Go on."

"Of late," he continued, "I have felt a regard for you that never existed before—you have noticed it, have you not, Mildred?"

"Yes, Mr. Dewdly."

"This feeling," said he, taking her hand, "has prompted me to speak to you as I do to-night." Mildred, will you be—"

He paused again.

"Will I what?" she asked, encouragingly, while her heart throbbed wildly with expectation.

"Will you be a sister to me?"

He took his hat to go shortly afterward, but she didn't ask him what his hurry was.

The Astor Wedding.

The Philadelphia *Times* declares that Miss Willing was strongly averse to Mr. Astor, and that it was only after a long siege, in which mamma, mamma-in-law, sister-in-law and others took a hand, that she surrendered. If the newspaper portraits of young Mr. Astor do him any sort of justice, the young woman's reluctance is reasonable, and her surrender inexcusable.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Topics of General Interest in the New States and Elsewhere.

DISCOVERY OF GOOD COAL

In Several Counties in Idaho—A Frightened Tenderfoot—A Fifty-Ounce Nugget Found—A Land of Game.

The Swedish population of Spokane Falls is said to number 4,000.

A nugget weighing over 50 ounces was found at the Ruby mine near Downeville, Cal., Monday last.

The little 8-year-old daughter of E. Richmond of Slaughter, Wash., saved her father's residence from burning by smothering the flames with bed clothes. A lamp had been overturned, and the floor, saturated with coal oil, was all ablaze.

E. M. Savage of Brooks, Wash., spied a monster gray eagle circling over a band of sheep. He was so close to earth that a charge from Mr. Savage's shotgun easily put an end to his career. He measured seven and a half feet from tip to tip of its wings, and was three feet in length from point of bil to end of tail.

Charles McCurdy, a Tacoma bookkeeper, was talking with a friend the other day when an explosion was heard in his pocket and he sank to the ground. In sticking his hand into his pocket he had pulled the trigger of his revolver. The bullet pierced his right foot, and he may be lame for life as it is thought the tendon was cut.

A young man from the East was hired to plow a fleid near Shoshone. One day he found himself surrounded by seven hungry coyotes. He left his team and broke into a swift run for the house, and quit work right there. The team was found all right by the owner, a woman, who told the tenderfoot to go back home to his mother, while she finished plowing. —*Wood River Times.*

The foreman of the Big Eight mine on the Upper Kootenai was christened "Cut Nose" under peculiar circumstances. In early days while packing on the old Kootenai trail from Walla Walla, by way of Bonner's Ferry to the Caribou mines, one of the pack mules kicked at the moon and struck the driver in the nose, slicing it like a cucumber. The boys called him "Cut Nose," and the name still sticks to him.

Thursday morning, in the Northern Pacific yards at Missoula, says the *Gazette*, a man named Williams was severely injured while at work building a temporary shed. A fellow workman was driving a spike into a piece of timber which Williams was holding. He missed his aim, and the axe which he was using struck Williams on the head, causing a compound fracture of the skull. He was taken to the Northern Pacific hospital and placed under the care of Drs. Buckley and Hillmantle. His injuries will not prove fatal.

Mr. George Payne, of Stanwood, is at the Snoqualmie hotel, Washington. "I believe," said he yesterday, "that about Stanwood we have the finest hunting anywhere in this part of the country. Of course, the season is nearly over. In winter we have any quantity of ducks and geese, while deer are very abundant. Camano island, which lies directly opposite Stanwood, is full of deer. Then if you will go up into the mountains you can find plenty of elk. I know of men who have been earning from $25 to $50 a week all winter in supplying the market with game—pot-hunters I suppose you would call them. There is plenty of vegetation around us to support game, for the soil is fertile. The lowlands produce fine hay, but the best fruit is grown on the uplands. Indeed, those owning farms on low lands do not raise their own fruit, but get it from those on the uplands."

The Victoria *Colonist* says: The sailors of the schooner Mattie T. Dwyer went ashore on San Juan point for water on Monday last, and while on shore one of them shot a buck, wounding him. Two of the sailors named Frost and Brune followed it, and after chasing the animal until they were almost exhausted discovered that they were lost. The schooner waited for about twelve hours, but was forced to leave without the men. Frost and Brune wandered until they discovered a telegraph wire, which they followed to this city. In their travels over mountains, valleys and through snow they encountered wolves, bears and panthers. They describe the country as being very rough, say that the distance from San Juan point to Victoria by land must be full 65 miles, although it is only 40 miles by the map. They slept in the snow every night and had to dig away the snow before they were able to light a fire. The poor fellows looked exceedingly dilapidated when they reached here.

Morris Farrel came into Ruby City, Wash., with a consignment of pelts for the Kansas State university at Lawrence, which institution he and his partners have heretofore supplied with thousands of dollar's worth of specimens from this country. The *Miner* says: Included in the shipments were a pair of wolf skins on special order, this country now furnishing what are esteemed by connoisseurs the choicest and rarest wolf pelts now to be had. They bring a fancy price, far in excess of their intrinsic value, but the work of obtaining them is no sinecure. In this case the boys hunted on the reserve, to do which they had first to obtain Chief Tonasket's permission. Poisoned deer meat was strung out for 22 miles and only two victims were caught. The mildness of the winter accounts for the scarcity of the game as they are not driven to forage much. These wolves are jet black, brown-black, blue-black and white, the solid colors being especially rare and highly prized. Mr. Farrell says that Tonasket, who recently had one of his eyes removed while the other is in great danger of being lost, is as spry as a young buck and shows no signs of decay or approaching dissolution, as was recently stated in press correspondence. The old chief is healthy and vigorous and his heart is as warm and kindly as ever.